Fall tenne times double on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deede thy moſt ingenious ſence
Depriued thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your duſt vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyeſh head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he whoſe griefe
Beares ſuch an *Emphaſis*, whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Coniures the wandring ſtarres, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder wounded hearers? tis I
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The Diuell take thy ſoule,

Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not ſpleenatiue raſh, (from my throat,
Yet haue I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſedome feare; hold off thy hand?

King. Plucke them a ſunder.

Quee. *Hamlet*, *Hamlet*.

All. Gentlemen.

Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Quee. O my ſonne, what theame?

Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia*: forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of loue
Make vp my ſumme. What wilt thou doo for her.

King. O he is mad *Laertes*.

Quee. For loue of God forbeare him?

Ham. S'wounds ſhew me what th'out doe:
Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't faſt, woo't teare thy ſelfe,
Woo't drinke vp Eſill, eate a Crocadile
Ile doo't: dooſt come heere to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
Be buried quicke with her, and ſo will I.
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground
Sindging his pate againſt the burning Zone

Make

Make Oſſa like a wart, nay and thou'
Ile rant as well as thou.

Quee. This is meere madneſſe,
And this a while the fit will worke o
Anon as patient as the female Doe
When that her golden cuplets are di
His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Ham. Heare you ſir,
What is the reaſon that you vſe me
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himſelfe doe what he
The Cat will mew, a dogge will hau

King. I pray thee good *Horatio* wa
Strengthen your patience in our laſt
Weele put the matter to the preſent
Good *Gertrard* ſet ſome watch ouer
This graue ſhall haue a liuing monu
An houre of quiet thereby ſhall we
Tell then in patience our proceeding

Enter Hamlet a

Ham. So much for this ſir, now ſ
You doe remember all the circumſta

Hor. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir in my heart there was
That would not let me ſleepe, me th
Worſe then the mutines in the bilbo
And prayſd be raſhnes for it: let vs
Our indiſcretion ſometime ſerues v
When our deepe plots doe fall, and
Ther's a diuinity that ſhapes our en
Rough hew them how we will.

Hora. That is moſt certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin,
My ſea-gowne ſcarſt about me in th
Gropt I to find out them, had my d
Fingard their packet, and in fine wit
To mine owne roome againe, makin